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W. R. FARRINGTON WRITES OF IMPRESSIONS AT EXPOSITION AND HAWAII'S PART IN GREAT FAIR

Star-Bulletin Manager's Journal Records Interesting Events
on Mainland Trip—Exposition is Marvelous Tribute to the
Pluck and Enterprise of America—Much to Do and See—
Hawaii May Learn Much From This Big Industrial Display

[W. R. Farrington, general business manager of the Star-Bulletin and president of the Honolulu Ad Club, is now on a mainland trip that will take him from the Pacific to the Atlantic and back again. His journal of impressions—jottings by the way—will be published from time to time in the Star-Bulletin. This is the second installment, and he is discussing the exposition at San Francisco.]

And now to get back to the Fair. The Hoe press on which the Examiner's Sunday color pages are run off each week is in the Machinery Hall and is a part of the very complete Hearst exhibit. This press, built by the Hoe company, was designed by Mr. Pacost, former mechanical for the Hearst New York office. It is indeed a wonder, made up of individual units. I won't attempt to explain the details, because I can't.

Hearst has a very interesting exhibit, showing by photographs and sample plates the progressive stages of preparing the stereotype plates for the newspaper printed page and the photo-engraved plates for the color covers of various Hearst magazines. I have not yet seen the other newspaper exhibits.

The immensity of the fair is forced upon my mentality at every turn. I started for the Machinery Hall at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Starting from the Court of the Universe I took a direct course through the Palace of Transportation and Palace of Mining to see things on the way instead of going outside through the avenues.

Well, it took me two hours to get through the Transportation and Mining Palaces, and I didn't see the thing thoroughly either. It was a case of stopping to look because it would be a crime not to stop.

What monuments to science and industry, ability to organize, capacity to make the dream come true one sees on every hand.

The display of the United States Steel Corporation is a marvel. Men who organize and develop and carry forward such great empires of industry are indeed captains of industry. We of Hawaii are but pigmies and babes in swaddling clothes at that. But we have the opportunity. It's the capacity to see and lead and get the results that will make a great name for a great man even in "our little country" some day.

Then there is the automobile sections, a whole show in itself. You see Ford automobiles assembled and run out on the grounds ready for business.

Before I forget it, in the running jump glimpse I had of the Steel Corporation welfare work, I should say they care for as many children, and have as many school gardens and special features of educational value in teaching boys and girls the importance of work, as we have in all Hawaii. I tell you it isn't the size of the task that counts so much as it is the leader who can command the good will of men and women, who has ideals and the ability to carry them out. Talk about inspirations. This fair is jam full of them.

To get back at my long trail through those buildings. While the Ford automobiles are being assembled a Ford band of 50 pieces supplies a concert for all the automobile exhibitors and the visitors in the building.

On the other side of the building are great steam engines, and electric engines of great power, and running like a watch. The railway exhibit is worth a day of any man's time, just to get closely acquainted with a lot of things you think you know in a general, very general way.

All along the line are moving pictures. If you get leg weary all you have to do is step into a moving picture room which shows the details of what you see outlined in the exhibit outside.

Over in the mining building you see them making white lead (there is the W. P. Fuller Company) in every detail of the process. It is all clean, white and instructive from the big pigs to the white lead ball.

In the meantime—while we are on the way to the Machinery Hall, the bomb and siren announce that Art Smith is to make one of his flights.

Here's another inspiration—man's command over earth and air, or perhaps defiance of the old-time forces of nature might be more correct.

Art Smith does everything but turn his aeroplane inside out. And he does it in such a finished manner that you don't realize what it means until you stop to think it over. Condition of wind and weather is a matter of utter indifference. Blow clear or blow fog he goes up. He's nothing but a kid in appearance and when up three or four thousand feet he looks more like the head of a pin stuck out in front of a toy biplane. I am convinced that we have never had any real fliers in Honolulu, not modern fliers of today, for we have no winds stronger than the currents fleeting across the exposition grounds.

I now, for more than one reason, believe the story published in the Star-Bulletin that the Japanese flier whose flight was stopped took an early morning flight from the Moanalua grounds to the Japanese cruiser Hizen, and either landed on the deck or circled back.

The perfection of the control of the machine—provided nothing breaks—is most impressive. Of course the work is daring and hair-raising, but it is the control, the mastery, that stays with you after the thrill is over. With the unit of control mastered, it must be only a matter of time when this will be duplicated and we do most

anything we want to do in the air.

Talking about control, the number of old people one sees about the grounds, men and women of obviously advanced years, beating out Father Time and taking a new lease on modern life,—it's great to see them. Some of the couples look as if they were out on a second honeymoon. Some of them are not couples—merely going it alone. Still others are keeping up with the young folks and having a splendid time learning much and seeing lots.

I am proud of the people of my country as I watch these crowds and notice the high percentage of good and wholesome clear-eyed, though sometimes stoop-shouldered and over-worked country folks who go by. Whatever their station in life they are well appearing, self-respecting, fine people. The children are well dressed, fairly well behaved, with their noses tied up and their shoes clean.

I saw a typical party of ranchers and their wives today at milking time in the Carnation milk cattle shed. The attendant asked one of them if he kept cows.

"Oh, a few."
"How many does that mean? I find people have different ideas of what a few means."

"Well, I milk about 50 head."
Then they started talking about milking and milking machines and what not.

Did you know that the world's record for butter as well as milk is held by a Holstein cow? I didn't till today.

To get back to Machinery Hall, I was two hours covering a distance that would take three minutes, going as the crow flies, and I just skimmed over things that ought to occupy days.

August 5.—I know why people hurry when doing business in large cities. It is because they have to spend so much time going and coming. I find more things to do than you can shake a stick at. Not much time would be consumed doing them if it was only a case of making a circuit of Alakea and Fort streets.

Incidentally, keeping a journal is no small job, especially when you have no typewriter. You do so much today that it is hard work to remember what you did yesterday.

I had a most interesting talk with a banker who knows Hawaii very well and who is to my mind a commanding figure in the finances of the West. In his opinion the nation cannot afford to take the present tariff off sugar. On the other hand he believes that a great hillabaloo over the sugar tariff might force the schedule into such prominence that the Democrats will simply be forced to stand by the free sugar program. So his idea is that Hawaii should lay low and let events of world-wide sweep take their course. I wish I could repeat in detail my 15-minute talk with this gentleman. He is so filled with conservative optimism. He is of the type that builds, has confidence in the future and sees disaster only in the foolish policy of forever crying "Wolf, wolf." He admits that business went further than it ought to, for business is only another method of warfare, but he feels that there should be an end of law making till business can adjust itself and know whether it is obeying the law or not. I am reminded of a remark Mr. S. M. Damon made to me one morning during one of our chats. "Farrington, I tell you this world is a fight."

Later my banker friend said, "Well, when I get to thinking too hard over these problems, I gain great consolation from David Harum's dog. It's a good thing he has fleas because they make him forget he's a dog."

Yesterday I called on Mr. Jas. H. Barry, naval officer. There is also met the surveyor of the port, Mr. Williams, who goes to Honolulu the latter part of the month for the trial of some opium or other cases of the kind. He also is a newspaperman, who is for a time helping to run the government. Today I spent a very pleasant and instructive hour at the James H. Barry printing plant, where a live, wide-awake son, William Barry, is in charge.

I have not been to hear Billy Sunday. Three times I have passed the pavilion two hours before the meetings opened and a small mob was jammed about the doors waiting for them to open. I am not yet ready to stand two hours waiting to see Billy Sunday, when there are so many wonderful things to educate one morally, mentally and every other way at the exposition.

After spending three hours getting my transportation arranged for my eastern trip I spent the remainder of the afternoon at the George Russell Reed exhibit at the fair.

There are just odds of people traveling just now. Not only by train but by transcontinental autos.

While getting my tickets I met Percy Pond who goes east tonight. At the Reed booth Miss Cookeley came along. All Honolulu must be at the fair. I met them everywhere. The attendants had to fire us out of Machinery Hall where the Reed photo-engraving display is located. The exhibition palaces close at 6 p. m. and if you don't get out, you'll be locked in.

I met Griggs Holt at lunch at the Commercial Club today. He's the same old Griggs.

We had dinner with the Harry Lewises last evening. They are most delightfully located. Harry still has more and more faith in Hawaii's sugar industry. I'll bet four dollars Harry is like a hundred and one other Honolulu men—lost more money in propositions outside Honolulu than he ever

has in Honolulu and Hawaii propositions. He gave me the first news of Captain Houdette's stirring. Honolulu will hardly be the same without Houdette to drop in and keep us straight.

I had a chat with E. E. Paxton. He is building a broader basis for the Engels enterprise in which he has great confidence. The diamond drilling is showing depth of ore and a railway, narrow gauge, to transport concentrates is being contemplated by an outside company. Mr. Paxton looks very well. The new equipment for increasing the capacity of the mill is to be delivered at an early date.

What with seeing old friends, studying the printing and publishing business and getting a liberal education out of the fair, there is so much to do that the item of sleep ought to be eliminated from the schedule. But once I get to sleep, I travel at the rate of knots and don't wake up till 8 o'clock in the morning. Perhaps if I could get an earlier start I could make a longer day.

These singing boys are very much taken with San Francisco. I looked out of a car on Geary yesterday and saw one of the Clarke boys floating down the avenue. All in the latest style. Turned down brim bonnet, cane, gloves, stride, manner, the whole darned business complete. Wow! If he hadn't been dressed to the last crossed t I might have asked if that was the mayor going down the line.

I like to see the Hawaii boys look well and do well and dress well, whether they sing or play or pray they are a credit to the place, when they think of themselves, have a job and hold it down.

I don't know when it has been so easy for me to gain impressions from what I see from day to day, or so hard to remember figures accurately.

DR. GOODHUE AUTHOR OF POEM ON BURDETTE

Dr. E. S. Goodhue of Honolulu, Hawaii, contributes the following poem to "The Medical Pickwick," published at Saranac Lake, N. Y.:

ROBERT J. BURDETTE
"This is my last letter to you from earth, dear boy. But I love you just the same."—R. J. B., October 2, 1914.
Dear Bob, we called you in those days, And felt your hand-clasp warm and tight.
Exchanging merry words and ways— At friendly sight!

Spelled not by honor or applause,
Titles or office, not a bit—
Finding in the most serious cause
Place for keen will!

No more long letters full of charm,
Of love and things we like to get;
No quick enclosure of the arm
Which thrills me yet!

True friend of mine, the friend of all,
Loyal, affectionate and true;
Dear Bob, with tears I hear your call—
Oh, I'll miss you!

E. S. GOODHUE, M. D.
"PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD-
WILL AMONG MEN."

Hasten the day, O God, we pray,
By thine Almighty Power;
When the light shall break, and the
mists forsake,
And there shall be no more war.

Dark is the night of the cruel fight
How they need thy guiding star.
Oh, God, in thy might uphold the right.
Let thy wisdom be felt afar.

Speed forth—thy flight, oh Spirit of
Light,
O'er all nations of the earth;
That the men at war may return from
far.
In peace to their own firehearth.
ALEXANDER H. COLQUHOUN.

HOW THIN PEOPLE CAN PUT ON FLESH

A New Discovery.

Thin men and women—that big, hearty, filling dinner you ate last night. What became of all the fat producing nourishment it contained? You haven't gained in weight one ounce. That food passed from your body like unburned coal through an open grate. The material was there, but your food does not work and stick, and the plain truth is you hardly get enough nourishment from your meals to pay for the cost of cooking. This is true of thin folks the world over. Your nutritive organs, your functions of assimilation, are sady out of gear and need reconstruction.

Cut out the foolish foods and funny sawdust diets. Omit the flesh cream rub-ons. Cut out everything but the meals you are eating now and eat with every one of those a single Sargol tablet. In two weeks note the difference. Five to eight good solid pounds of healthy "stay there" fat should be the net result. Sargol charges your weak, stagnant blood with millions of fresh, new red blood corpuscles—gives the blood the carrying power to deliver every ounce of fat-making material in your food to every part of your body. Sargol, too, mixes with your food and prepares it for the blood in easily assimilated form. Thin people gain all the way from 10 to 25 pounds a month while taking Sargol, and the new flesh stays put. Sargol tablets are a scientific combination of six of the best flesh-producing elements known to chemistry. They come 40 tablets to a package, are pleasant, harmless and inexpensive. For sale by Benson, Smith & Co., Chambers Drug Co., and Hollister Drug Co.—advertisement.

TRY NURINE EYE REMEDY
For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and
GRANULATED EYELIDS
Nurine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pains

Semi-Annual Sale

Commencing Saturday, August 28

Yee Chan & Co.,

Cor. King and Bethel Streets

Owing to our overstocked condition and the necessity to acquire space for our Fall lines, we have decided to offer the following lines of our regular stock at remarkably low prices.

DRESS GOODS

These are a few examples from our big stock of Dress Goods that we are selling from 30 to 50 per cent discount.

- 36-in. Rice Cloth, all new patterns..... Regular 30c, now 30c yd.
- 30-in. Lace Cloth, in fifteen designs..... Regular 15c, now 9c yd.
- 29-in. Organdie, in floral patterns..... Regular 15c, now 8c yd.
- 27-in. Colored Pique, in seven popular colors..... Regular 25c, now 15c yd.
- 24-in. Colored Crepe, in desirable patterns..... Regular 25c, now 15c yd.
- 29-in. White Victoria Lawn, 10-yard piece..... Regular \$1.00, now 65c pc.

AN UNUSUAL OFFER

Fancy Hair Ribbon Bows in new, neat and attractive floral designs, are lowered to 20c yd.
Their regular prices range from 30c to 50c yd.

Cotton and Woolen Blankets, Spreads, Sheets and Pillow Cases are included in this Sale. They are at prices that you will be more than willing to pay for the kind of goods you obtain.

MEN'S SHIRTS

We are offering special lots of Men's Shirts at below cost. These are in plain colors and fancy stripes. Lowered

From \$2.50 to.....	\$1.50
From 1.75 to.....	1.10
From 1.50 to.....	1.00
From 1.25 to.....	.75
From 1.00 to.....	.50

BOYS' SUITS

Our whole line of Boys' Suits are selling at surprisingly low prices. Note them:

Norfolk \$7.00, lowered to.....	\$4.90
Norfolk 5.50, lowered to.....	3.50
Norfolk 4.00, lowered to.....	3.00
Regular 4.50, lowered to.....	2.75
Regular 3.00, lowered to.....	2.00
Mother's Friend Blouses, ea.....	25

All of our goods in every department are marked down from 20 to 30 per cent during this Sale. Come early and select the Best Bargains.

Yee Chan & Co.,

WOODLAWN!

"The Home Place Beautiful"---You Should See It!

IT IS AMID THE ACME OF NATURAL ENVIRONMENTS, YET CONVENIENTLY NEAR THE CENTER OF ALL ACTIVITY. YOU SHOULD LIVE THERE.

If you feel that in order to purchase a lot affording such advantages, it would not leave you in a position to do justice to your home, you are mistaken.

This tract offers advantages which are unexcelled. The superb natural environments, reasonably priced, enable the erection and furnishing of a lovely home without "spending a fortune" for the lot.

You can only come to the fullest realization of its many charms and virtues by a personal visit and a thorough investigation—and it'll stand the test!

SEEING IS BELIEVING—RUN OUT TOMORROW.
WOODLAWN OFFERS EVERYTHING TO BE DESIRED AS A HOME SITE

Conveniently out of the city's din. Pure, bracing mountain air. Perfectly drained. Low price of property leaves more for the home. Boulevards a pleasure to drive over. A thrill at every turn.

FULL ACRES AT \$1000 TO \$1250. HALF ACRES FOR \$500 AND \$600
TERMS IF DESIRED.

Phone 2161 and let us show you over the tract, or take Manoa car line to this beautiful subdivision.

Charles S. Desky

NEW LOCATION

83 Merchant Street

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